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An Excellent New

SONG:

To the TUNE of *Chevy-Chace.*



L O N D O N,

Printed for JOHN NOON, at the *White-Hart* near *Mercers-
Chapel, Cheapside.* M. DCC. XXII.

Septemb.

(Price Two Pence.)

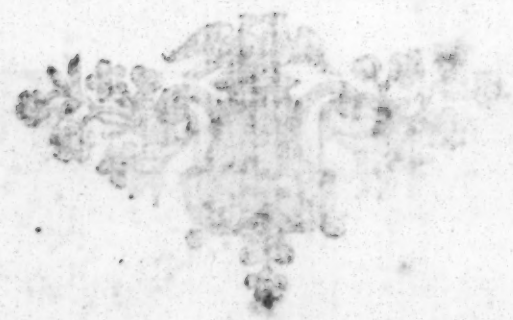
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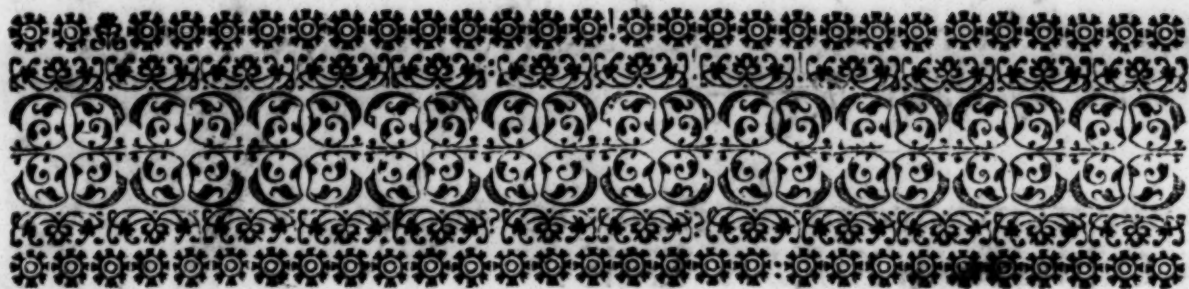
SONG

To the TUNE of Cherry-Branch



LONDON

Printed for J. B. L. ... near ...
M.D.C.C.XXII
(Printed by ...)



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OD prosper long our noble King,
Our Peace and Freedoms all :
A woful Broil of late there did
At *Salters-Hall* befall.

Some Men who lov'd to rule the roast,
Full fiercely took their way ;
Resolv'd that all should be oblig'd
To say as they did say.

B

Sly

Sly N——t, furious B——y,
 Grave R——ds, artful T——g,
 Bro't in their Friends, their merry Men all,
 Led by warm R——n.

Some from beyond the Banks of *Tweed*,
 Others from *Yorkshire* came :
 For leading, or for following,
 All Men of mighty Fame.

These, join'd in League with one Consent,
 A Vow to God did make,
 Whoso to them would not submit,
 His Heart full fore should ake.

With this Intent a Roll prepar'd,
 Rob. brandish'd in his Hand,
 In which was fairly wrote the Faith
 Made in this *English* Land.

Here Convocation kindly met,
 And with Assembly join'd ;
 For both in this sometimes agree,
 Mens Consciences to bind.

By signing this, quoth R——n,
 Shew your Faith sound and pure ;

Him

Him that refuses, know, we'll mark,
Nor longer shall endure.

But some that wiser were than some,
Eftsoons smelt out a Rat,
And, call'd on to subscribe, reply'd,
Your Servants, Sirs, for that.

Signing this Roll, as we conceive,
Shews no Faith sound or pure;
We sign not Faith, but Slavery,
And Liberty abjure.

At this they waxed wondrous wroth,
In Fury broke away;
The Child unborn may rue the Haste
And Rashness of that Day.

For soon they sent their Roll abroad,
Subscrib'd by many a Hand:
By this, say they, now all may see
Who by the Faith do stand.

Nothing more false, or more unjust,
Straitway the rest reply,
We no way Christian Faith forsake,
But stand for Liberty.

All who with Judgment view'd the Case,
 Said Liberty was good,
 And wisely saw no Truth could fail
 Which on that bottom stood.

Yet still the weaker sort were vex'd,
 By Whispers in their Ears;
 And loud Complaints did fill their Minds
 With Jealousys and Fears.

Thus Honesty was sore deceiv'd,
 To think of good Men ill;
 Whereas the Truth was only this,
 Some Men had not their will.

A Knight who long time leisure had
 To join the rhyming Tribe,
 Thought for this Cause a forward Zeal
 Might help him to prescribe.

He straitways took his old Goose-Quill,
 And dipt it o'er in Gall,
 And by advice of *Crown Divines*
 Sent to the Press this Scrawl.

Now ponder well ye *Arians* all,
 And hear what I shall say;

Take

Take heed, and do not damn yourselves
For ever and for aye.

The Faith which I do now defend
So long has been receiv'd,
That if it be not true, in Truth
Nothing can be believ'd.

If we mistake, against the Truth
Hell's Gates have long prevail'd;
Confess yourselves then in the wrong,
Or holy Church has fail'd.

O wicked Men ! what can you mean ?
The Martyrs you would shame,
And many a Confessor strike out
Of antient Lists of Fame.

For their Disgrace I needs must wail
As one in doleful Dumps,
And in defence of them will wear
My Pen unto the Stumps.

Consider then, and see your selves,
What I do think I see,
How that you would again restore
Heathen Idolatry.

You should in choice yourselves withdraw,
 And our Communion fly;
 To you we are Idolaters,
 Or you have Charity.

Shew no such mean, such coward Mind
 To those whom you think wrong;
 Let a warm sprightly Zeal inflame
 Your Hearts, and fire your Tongue.

That the same noble Ardor may
 Our Breasts on both sides fire,
 And puling Charity may burn,
 Consum'd in zealous Ire.

While I draw vital Breath I'll say,
 Better be hot with me,
 Than to be hot in a worse Place,
 And worser Company.

Finally, farther ponder well,
 The sad Effects espy,
 How that your Test shall prove a Screen
 For every Heresy.

Each Heretick, as Orthodox,
 His Rule the Bible calls;

And

[11]

And thus, O Shame ! not only Faith,
But Inquisition falls.

If Men themselves may chuse the Means
To tell what each believes,
Papists and *Camisars* will make
The Church a Den of Thieves.

This dismal Story being told,
Some thought it would be useful ;
But most agreed, being ask'd for what,
'Twas only for a Closetool.

God grant the Land some Profit reap
From all this silly Pother ;
And only Fools may disagree,
All good Men love each other.

F I N I S.

F. 1. 1. 2.

And thus, O Shame! not only
But Indignation falls.

If Men themselves may choose the Means
To tell what each believes;
Pagits and Canons will make
The Church a Den of Thieves.

This dismal Story being told,
Some thought it would be useful;
But most agreed, being asked for what
Twas only for a Fool.

God grant the Land some Profit reap
From all this silly Poetry;
And only Fools may disagree;
All good Men love each other.

F. 1. 1. 2.

